Damon and *Phillida*;

A PASTORAL

FARCE.

As it is Acted by the

Company of Comedians

AT THE

NEW THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. W.* and Sold by S. Chapman, in *Pallmall*; E. Lynn, over-against *Devereux-Court* in the *Strand*; and E. Smith, at the *Royal Exchange*. M DCC XXIX.

The PERSONS.

ARCAS, a Nobleman of great Poſſeſſions in *Arcadia*,	Mr. *Smith.*
ÆGON, his Friend,	Mr. *Dove.*
CORYDON, an old Shepherd,	Mr. *Wilcocks.*
CIMON and MOPSUS, Simple Brothers, in Love with *Phillida*,	Mr. *Reynolds.* and Mr. *Hulett.*
DAMON, an Inconſtant,	Mr. *Ray.*
PHILLIDA, Daughter to *Corydon*,	Mrs. *Mountfort.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

DAMON

DAMON and PHILLIDA.

ACT I.

ARCAS and *ÆGON*.

ÆGON.

THIS way I see old *Corydon* advancing:
He comes, by my Appointment, to complain
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his Daughter,
And hopes that your Authority will right him.

Arc. 'Tis true, somewhat of this I've heard.

Æg. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.

Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus, Damon, *and other Shepherds.*

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*, Lord of our Lands and Flocks——

Arc. ——————Good Neighbours, welcome: What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare?

Cor. Ah!

Cor. Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to ſpeech it,
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly ſee her well diſpos'd in Marriage.
And that ſhe might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dow'r, in preſent; at my Death, the reſt.
'Tis true, 'tis little; but ſtill the Half is Half.
Now here, ſo pleaſe you, I have found her out
A pair of wholeſome Youths, to take her Choice of;
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopſus!*
Their Means and Manners ſuit her Breeding well,
And both profeſs their Hearts are ſet upon her.

Cim. Yes, and pleaſe you, both cruelly in Love. [*Half crying.*

Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

Arc. A little Patience, Friend——

Mop. —— —— —— Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong!

Cor. Fy, fy, *Mopſus!* now thou art worſe than he.

Arc. On with thy Tale——

Cor. —— —— —— Now, Sir, theſe Lads, I ſay,
Were nothing in the way to croſs their Courtſhip,
Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't pleaſe you, lies our Grief;
The wilful Girl is ſcornful to them both.

And

And why? becauſe, forſooth! ſhe loves another.
But how! how is her Love diſpos'd? Why thus:
This pranking gameſome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs and Gambols has I think bewitch'd her.
His Pipe, it ſeems, has play'd her ſweeter Sounds,
And all the idle Day they toy and ſing together.

Cim. Ay ſo they do; an' pleaſe you——

Cor. —— —— —— Nay, nay, *Cimon!*

Cim. Well, well! I've done: but I'm ſure it's true tho'——

Cor. So nothing now will go down with her but *Damon.*
And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her.
The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,
Has little Hope to ſcape being made his Breakfaſt:
For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,
And openly defies my Power to force him.
A hard Defiance to a tender Father! [*Weeps.*
Now, good my Lord, 'tis true you're not our King,
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you.
But you've a ſtronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
The Man was branded here, that ſcorn'd your Pleaſure.
And the great Good you do us every Day,
Will make your Word go farther than a Law:
So if your Pity think my Caſe is hard,
I leave the Manner how, to your great Wiſdom;
And hope your Goodneſs will prevent a Father's Sorrow.

Arc. O *Ægon!* how affecting is the Tongue
Of plain Simplicity——The honeſt Wretch,
He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,

Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.
Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor Extent of Power, will ſerve thee.
But hear we now, what others may reply.
Damon, thou 'aſt heard this good old Man's Complaint;
Why haſt thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?

Dam. My Lord, I mean the Laſs no harm, not I:
'Tis true, I like her Lip, and ſo I do
Some twenty others; and twenty others may
Have all the ſame Demand to marry me.
But, 'las-a-day! tho' Kiſſing goes by Favour,
A Man can't marry every Girl he kiſſes.
Were that a Claim, then ſhe that firſt was kiſs'd,
Should firſt be married; ſo I hope, my Lord,
I ſhall not be bound to do One right, in wrong
To Hundreds that ſhould come in turn before her.

Æg. Sirrah! thou makeſt thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'ſt thy Wit excuſes Wickedneſs.

Dam. Not ſo hard, good Maſter; for Maids ſometimes
Are ſlippery Bits, as well as we: and he
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but ſorry Sport a ſhooting.

Æg. Knave! thou'rt a Nuiſance; all thy Neighbours note thee
For a Poacher: When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron-ſtrings around the Country.

Arc. Gently, *Ægon*; let us ſuſpend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Diſguiſe, his Thoughts.

Well

Well *Damon*, what Amends to *Corydon?*
What ſhall I ſay I've done to right his Daughter?
Dam. Why, let the Damſel pleaſe herſelf, my Lord;
If ſhe's diſpos'd to marry, there's her Choice.
If to make Life a Frolick——Here's her Man.
There's no great Hardſhip where the Will is free:
As ſhe muſt firſt conſent, before ſhe kiſſes,
I hope ſhe'll firſt have mine before I marry.
For tho' ſome Men have hang'd themſelves for Maids,
Yet I have known my Betters think a Wife
The worſt of Halters; ſo whate'er betide me,
I hope you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence.
Arc. Think'ſt thou a virtuous Bride a Puniſhment?
Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter ſtill.
And as the Song wiſely ſays, my Lord,

AIR I.

The Man, for Life,
That takes a Wife,
Is like a thouſand diſmal Things;
A Fox in Trap,
Or worſe, may hap;
An Owl in Cage, that never ſings.

Dull from Morn to Night,
He hates her Sight,
Yet he, poor Soul! muſt endure it.
Bed of Thorns!
Head of Horns!
Such a Life!
Rope, or Knife,
Can only cure it.

II.

A Bull at Stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is ſtrong!
Like Dog and Cat,
Or Puſs and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it laſts as long.

But the Man that's free,
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's taſting:
Never cloys
With his Joys;
Day or Night,
New Delight
Is only laſting.

Cor. You ſee, Sir, I have not accus'd him falſly;
He owns himſelf more wicked than I ſpoke him.
Arc. 'Tis true, as ſuch we ſhall conſider him.
Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propoſe [*To* Cim. *and* Mop.
Will ſhew your Hearts are of an honeſt Mold.
There ſtands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,
That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon*'s,
Take this Occaſion to avow your Love:
You have her Father's Wiſh, and my Protection.
Cim. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I ha' no Heart to ſpeak;
She flouts and glouts at me from Morn to Night,
See how ſhe looks now! 'cauſe ſhe can't avoid me.
Arc. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her maiden Shyneſs.

Cim. D'ye

Cim. D'ye think ſo, Sir? Why then I will take heart.
If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

AIR II.

There's not a Swain,
On the Plain,
Would be bleſt as I,
O could you but, could you but, on me ſmile:
But you appear
So ſevere,
That trembling with Fear,
My Heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, all the
When I cry, [*while.*
Muſt I die?
You make no Reply,
But look ſhy,
And, with a ſcornful Eye,
Kill me with your Cruelty:
How can you be, can you be,
How can you be, ſo hard to me?

Ah! poor *Cimon*, thou art ne'er the nearer:
Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her. [*Crying.*

Cor. You ſee, my Lord, the Lad, tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honeſtly diſpos'd however.

Arc. Perhaps ſhe may be more inclin'd to *Mopſus.*

Æg. Come, *Mopſus*, now for thee, thy Heart ſeems chearful.

Mop. Ay, 'twas always ſo; I love to laugh,
Let things go how they will; why let her frown!
As long as *Cimon*'s us'd as ill as I,

It

It gives one's Mind a little Eaſe however:
Happen as 'twill, I ſhall have him to laugh at.
So, as he's for ſinging an old Song ſadly,
'Twill be but ſad, to try a new one merrily.

AIR III.

When Phillida *milks her Cow,*
How have I ſtood ſmirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream would flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!
Thy whiter Boſom too ſo heav'd,
Half out, and half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd,
With a Fit of laughing!
I could not hold from laugh—ing!
Half out, and half in!
Oh! to ſee them fall and riſe,
I laugh'd, till I loſt my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the pureſt Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died with laughing,
With laugh——ing.

Æg. Well ſaid, *Mopſus!* Thou ſing'ſt it from thy Heart,
And 'tis a merry one———
Mop. ———Better than crying.
Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words
To ſpeak our Minds; but what we ſay, we ſtand to.
Arc. An honeſt Principle: Now, my good Friend,

Let

Let us enquire into thy Daughter's Heart;
For that muſt guide us——
Cor. ——*Phillida*, come near.
Arc. Well, my fair Maid, is there within my Power
Ought that may contribute to thy Happineſs?
Of all theſe Youths, for thou art free to chuſe,
Which is the Swain comes neareſt to thy Heart?
Phil. Since I am forc'd to ſpeak the Truth, my Lord,
I own my Heart has play'd a ſimple Game:
I know my Father's Kindneſs means me well,
And I could wiſh I had the Power to pleaſe him;
But I am loth to lead a ſavage Life:
And ſure, theſe Lads were woful Company.
Cim. O ſcornful Maid! My Heart will burſt with Grief. [*Cries.*
Mop. Hoh, hoh! Poor *Cimon*'s in a bitter taking. [*Laughs.*
Phil. 'Twere hard to chuſe from ſuch Extreams of Folly.
Damon, with all his Infidelities,
Seems not to me, Sir, half ſo terrible:
And I am more than much afraid I love him.
'Tis true, I know him fickle, falſe, and faithleſs;
And I have tried a thouſand thouſand times
To ſhut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do.
Whene'er my Heart is open, in he comes;
Again ſubmits, and is again forgiven;
Again I love, and am again forſaken;
Yet ſtill he fools me on, and when he's abſent,
With Sighs and Songs I thus relieve my Folly.

AIR IV.

What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free;
Yet do all I can, [*I find*

I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still; ſtill he's the Man.
They tell me, at once, he to twenty will ſwear:
When Vows are ſo ſweet, who the Fal-
[ſhood can fear?
So, when you have ſaid all you can,
Still——ſtill he's the Man.

II.

I caught him once making love to a Maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me, then who could
So civil a Man? [upbraid
The next Day I found to a Third he was
[kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still——ſtill he's the Man.

III.

All the World bids me beware of his Art:
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man:
So ſweet are his Kiſſes, his Looks are ſo kind,
He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
Who can do more than they can?
He——ſtill is the Man.

Arc. Take Comfort, *Corydon*; all yet may mend:
Thy Daughter's frank Confeſſion of her Love
Perſuades me of her guarded Innocence.
And though licentious *Damon* may deſerve
Severe Reproof; yet for the Maiden's ſake
(For what he ſuffers, her fond Heart will feel)
We will not harden him, by Puniſhment,
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.

Of

Of this bad matter make we then the beſt.
If therefore, *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit, or Service of his Love, can woe,
And win this gentle Maid to be his Bride,
The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,
My ſelf will double on her Marriage-day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.
Cor. May all the Gods preſerve the bounteous *Arcas*.
A double Portion! Now, my honeſt Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts.
Now ſhew your Skill, and who's the feateſt Fellow.
Now ſing and dance her down to your Deſires.
Now *Phillida*, let faithleſs *Damon* ſee
What Love and Honeſty have gain'd by Truth;
And what his Pranks have loſt by Wickedneſs.
Phil. Diſhoneſty ſhall never gain on me.
Mop. A double Dowry *Cimon*, now's our Time.
Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted; my poor Hopes
Will never bloſſom, while ſhe looks ſo froſty.
Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou ſeeſt he knows
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.
Cim. Well then, ſince you encourage me, I will.
Cor. Well ſaid, my Boy: Ah! this joyful Day
Has ſet my Heart upon the merry Pin;
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

AIR V.

When I follow'd a Lass, that was forward and shy,
O! I stuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply,
O! I took her so lovingly round the Waste,
And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast.
When hugg'd, and hall'd,
She squeal'd, and squall'd;
And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again,
Yet I pleas'd, &c.
Then hoity toity,
Whisking, frisking,
Green was her Gown upon the Grass;
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days.
O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days.

Arc. Well done my merry Heart, Come, *Corydon*,
Now let us leave these Lovers free to woe,
And he that first subduing, and subdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r,
In farther Token of my Love, my self
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.
Æg. Now for the Garland.———
Mop. ——— ——— Live the noble *Arcas*.
[*Ex.* Arcas *and* Ægon *severally*.
Cor. ——— Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceless *Damon* bobb'd; let him but wear
The Willow, I'll jump into my Grave
With Joy ——— ——— [*Exit* Cor.
Dam. ——— So now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again,
This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her Brain,

And

And set the Windmill of her Sex a going. [*Aside.*

Mop. Now, *Cimon* now!

Cim. —— —— I'd rather you'd speak first.

Mop. No, you are the Elder——

Cim. —— —— But my Heart misgives me.

Phil. Still silent, no kind Offer yet from *Damon?*
Has Fortune no Effect upon his Heart. [*Aside.*

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone——

Mop. —— Well then be sure you back me.

AIR VI.

Tell me, Philly, *tell me roundly,*
When you will your Heart surrender?
Cim. *Faith and Troth, I love thee woundly,*
And I was the first Pretender.
Mop. *Of us Boys,*
Cim. *Take thy Choice:*
Mop. *Here's a Heart——*
Cim. —— *And here's a Hand too.*
Mop. *His, or mine,*
Cim. *All is thine.*
Both —*Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd.

AIR VII.

While you both pretend a Passion,
'Twould be cruel to chuse either;
To preserve your Inclination,
I must kindly fix on neither.
To be just,
I now must

Make your's and your's be equal Caſes;
Therefore pray,
From this Day,
I never may behold your Faces.

Now be ſilent; if *Damon* is inclin'd
To ſpeak, his turn is next, you've had your Anſwer.
Mop. Well, let him ſpeak; mayhap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours
From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you.
Don't cry, *Cimon*, it only makes her prouder.
Cim. She has given me ſuch a kick o'the Heart,
I ſhall never recover it———
Phil. ———Hark thee, *Cimon*;
I like thee better than thy Brother far.
Cim. O the Gracious! do you truly and truly?
Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Inſtant; take him hence,
And keep him from my Sight an Hour at leaſt:
And when thou ſeeſt me next, come thou without him.
Cim. Give me thy Hand on't——
Phil. ———Huſh, not now, they'll ſee us.
Away with him——
Cim. ——A Word's enough——I'll do't.
Come, *Mopſus*, come away—for I have a thing,
And ſuch a thing to tell thee, Boy——
Mop. ——— What ails
The Fool? Thou'rt mad.
Cim. Mad! Ay, and ſo would you
Be too, were my Caſe your's: But come away.
Mop. Nay, not ſo faſt, good *Cimon*———
Cim. ———Faſter, *Mopſus*, faſter.
[Cimon *hurries off* Mopſus.
Dam. My charming Creature! this was kindly done;

Never

Never was Favour to a Fool ſo well
Diſſembled.——

Phil. ——Yes, I have learn'd from you diſſembling;
And you'll again diſſemble to reward me.

Dam. Why ſo ſuſpicious, *Phillida?* Don't I love thee?
Why all this Buſtle at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!
Give me thy Lips, and ſee how thour't miſtaken.

Phil. No, *Damon*, Lips are but liquoriſh Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

AIR VIII.

Dam.——*Away with Suſpicion,*
That Bane to Deſire;
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies:
The Rules of Diſcretion
But ſtifle the Fire;
On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,
Leſt the Lover diſſemble
His Fire?
Turtles that woe,
Bill and cooe:
While we enjoy
We muſt be true;
And to repeat it is all,
All we can deſire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always haſt decoy'd my Heart:
Thou know'ſt I love, and therefore would'ſt undo me.

Dam. I know thou lov'ſt, and therefore would ſecure thee.

AIR

AIR IX.

Phil. ——*While you purſue me,*
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you ſay.
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying, [*Day,*
Call firſt the Prieſt, and name the
Then, then name the Day.

Laſſes are willing
As Lads, for billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly preſt:
Let holy Father
Tye us together,
Then bill your Fill, and bill your beſt,
Then, then bill your beſt.

Dam. What! not a Hand, a Lip, for old Acquaintance?
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,
Unleſs I make a Purchaſe of the whole?
Dam. No, *Damon*; now 'tis time to end our Fooling:
Conſent to wed me, or forbear to love.
Dam. What! doſt thou think to ſtarve me into Marriage?
Phil. I'll ſtarve myſelf, but I'll avoid thy falſhood.
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.
Dam. No——nor I won't be pounded while I can leap [graze on:
A Hedge; ſo keep your Graſs for Calves to
I need not go a Mile for Paſture, Dame;
And good as any Meal that you can make me.
Phil. Do leave me, do, and prove thyſelf a Faithleſs, inhuman *Damon*—— [Traitor;

Dam.

Dam. ——————Mighty well.
This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain;
And thou would'ſt make me madder than thyſelf:
A Husband, Death! a Mill-horſe! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeleſs Round of Life;
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, ſtill
To plod the Path I trod the Day before.
O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders.
Phil. Abandon'd *Damon!* now I begin to hate thee.
Dam. I'm glad, my Miſtreſs, that you'll ſpeak [your Mind:
Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches.
But ſince I know your Play, Forſooth, hang lag,
Say I; and ſo farewel, fair *Phillida.*

AIR X.

Dam. *I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,*
And ſcatter Love around the Plains.
Phil. *I'll ſtarve my Love, and rather part,*
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.

Dam. *The Frowns of this, I ne'er take ill;*
Where one denies, there's two that will.
Phil. *Since Maids by Kindneſs are undone;*
Adieu, Mankind; I'll ſigh for none.

Dam. *No frozen Laſs ſhall hold me long.*
Phil. *No Swain that's falſe my Love ſhall wrong.*
Dam. *Farewel, farewel——'tis time to part.*
Phil. *Thus from thy Hold I tear my Heart.*
Both. *Farewel, farewel,* &c.

ACT II.

DAMON Solus.

AIR I.

Around the Plains my Heart has rov'd;
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd;
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I ſang, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindneſs cloy'd,
The Coy reſign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! thoſe Days are done;
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frighted Bird is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.
O! could I yet her Heart recal,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And, for his ſake, forſaking all,
Would fix forever there.

Could I have ever thought to have ſeen this Day?
That I ſhould fold my Arms, and ſigh for one,
Nay, one that in her turn has ſigh'd for me,
And only could ſubdue me by her Parting!
How could the Gypſy muſter ſuch a Spirit?
The Pertneſs of her Pride has ſo provok'd me,

I ſhall

I ſhall never reſt in my Bed, 'till ſhe
Lies by me—Here ſhe comes, and with her—ha!
Her Father! ſoft——I am out of Favour there.
Lie cloſe awhile, and mark what Nail's a driving.
[*Retires.*

Enter Corydon, *with* Phillida.

Cor. And I ſay, think no more of him——
Phil. ——That's hard.
Is't not enough to ſee him not?
Cor. ——I ſay,
Avoid him, as the wildeſt Beaſt of Prey.
He uſes Girls like Carrion: Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more havock than that wicked Rogue
Among the Wenches Hearts——
Dam. ——That muſt be me. [*Behind.*
But what ſays *Phillida?*
Phil. ——Suppoſe this true;
Yet could he ſtill be wrought to marry me?
Cor. My Patience! has he not refus'd to marry?
Phil. And therefore I have declar'd againſt his Love.
Cor. Ay, ay, but ſtill he lurks within your Heart.
And till you drive him thence——
Phil. ——I ſtrive to do it;
And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

AIR II.

A thouſand Ways to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him;
And though for Life I've ſworn to part,
For Life I find I love him.

Still, ſhould the dear falſe Man return,
And with new Vows purſue me,
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,
And ſtill, I fear, undo me.

Cor. Conſider *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou haſt choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopſus*,)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?
Phil. I do conſider, Father; ſo ſhould you,
As a low Fortune with a Man I love,
Can't make me rich; Riches with a Man
I hate, can't make me happy ——
Dam. —— Gallant Girl!
O! I could eat thy very Lips, that ſpoke it.
[*Behind.*
Cor. See, yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at leaſt a Smile;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy,
In time to pleaſe thee ——
Phil. —— Well, ſince you deſire it.
But *Mopſus* has the ſame Pretenſions too;
Send him to make his equal Claim,
And 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* ſays.
Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'ſt my Heart,
I'll ſend him. [*Exit.*
Dam. Now ſhall I meaſure, by their Hopes, my own.

To her Cimon *ſinging.*

AIR III.

Cim. *Behold and ſee thy wounded Lover,*
Whoſe Truth from thee will ne'er depart!

O let my Tears, at length, diſcover
One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart.

Phil. *Were in the World, no Man but* Cimon,
None of the Female Kind but I,
With me ſhould end the Name of Woman,
With thee the Race of Man ſhould die.

Cim. O cruel Sound! falſe-hearted *Phillida!*
Didſt thou not ſay, thou loved'ſt me better than
My Brother *Mopſus?*——
Phil. ——— Yes, but 'twas,
As of two Evils, I would chuſe the leaſt;
Stay, till I'm bound to chuſe, and then reproach me.
Thy crying makes me laugh, his laughing makes
Me ſleep.——There's all the hopeful difference.

AIR IV.

Cim. *O what a Plague is Love,*
I cannot bear it:
What Life ſo curſt can prove,
Or Pain come near it.
When I would tell my Mind,
My Heart miſdoubts me;
Or when I ſpeak, I find
With Scorn ſhe routs me.
In vain is all I ſay,
Her Anſwer ſtill is nay:
O diſmal, doleful Day!
Phillida *flouts me.*

——— *Enter*

Enter Mopſus *ſinging.*

AIR V.

Mop. *Ah! poor* Cimon! *Dud a cry?*
Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida?
To treat him ſo ſcornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully!
Phillida *fy!*

Phil. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!*
Simpleton, Paperſkull! I for ever ſhall
Think thee far the greater Fool;
Therefore will give thee cauſe
With him to cry.

Cim. *Loll! loll! loll! doll!* —— *Now I pray,*
Who has cauſe moſt to cry, ah! well-a-day!

Mop. *What care I! why let her ſcoff,*
I can laugh, play her off, better than you.

Cim. *Ah! poor* Mopſus, *thou'rt a Fool!*

Mop. *I ſay, you're a greater Owl.*

Cim. *Nay, now I'm ſure that's a Lye.*

Mop. *What's a Lye?* ——

Cim. — —— —— *That's a Lye!*]

Mop. *I ſay, 'tis true.*

AIR VI. [The AIR changes.]

Phil. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies,*
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too;
Did ever a Brace of ſuch Boobies
The Laſs that deteſts them purſue?

Mop. *How!* ——

Phil. ——*Go!* ——

Cim. ——*Oh! I am ready to faint;*
How are you? [*To* Mopſus.

Mop.

Mop. *Why truly she treats us but so so.*
For my part, I think she's a Devil:
A Woman would scorn for to do so.
Cim. *O Fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.*

Phil. *Prepare then to hear my last Sentence:*
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,
And want for my Bantling a Father.
Go!
Cim. *Oh! Wo! I'm ready to faint;*
Mop. *And I too.*
Was ever a Slut so inhuman?
Odzooks! let us take down her Mettle.
Cim. *I dare not.*
Mop. *Let me come; Pshaw waw, Man,*
She only has water'd a Nettle.
In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen;
For one of us two you must now chuse.
Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on,*
And you are the Fool I refuse.
[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.
Cim. *Waunds!*
Cim. & Mop. *Go! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.*

Phil. If there's a Joy comes near recovering those
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.

When

When Cimon *and* Mopsus *are gone,* Damon *presents himself to* Phillida, *singing.*

AIR VII.

Dam. ——*See! behold, and see,*
With an Eye kind and relenting,
Damon *now repenting,*
Only true to thee;
Content to love, and love for Life.

Phil. ——*If you, now sincere,*
With an honest Declaration,
Mean to prove your Passion,
To the Purpose swear,
And make at once a Maid a Wife.

Dam. ——*Thus, for Life, I take thee,*
Never to forsake thee:
Soon or late
I find our Fate,
To Hearts astray
Directs the Way,
And brings to lasting Joys the Rover home.

Phil. ——*Ever kind and tender,*
Conquer'd, I surrender:
Prove but true,
As I to you,
Each kindling Kiss
Shall yield a Bliss,
That only from the constant Lip can come.

AIR

AIR VIII.

Dam. *To the Prieſt away, to bind our Vows,*
With our Hands and Hearts united.
Phil. *To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouſe,*
Is a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.
Dam. *If I never could fix,*
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,
Who eaſily yielding, were eaſy to cloy.
Both. *But in Love we ſtill find,*
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In One, only One, is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.

FINIS.

AIR VIII.

Dam. To the Priest convey, to bind our Vows,
With our Hands and Hearts united:
Phil. To produce the Rosy to lawful Sport,
In a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.
Dam. If I never could fix,
Views the Fault of the Sex,
Who coyly yielding, were only to cloy.
Both. But in Love we Still find,
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In One, only One, is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.

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